When the usual parcel of clothes for my next job arrived, I noticed that it was much smaller than on the previous occasion, and I was very curious to see what was in it. When I opened it, I found a pair of thigh length leather boots, a pair of rubber knickers and a black rubber cape, and that was all. I thought at first that they must have forgotten to put the uniform in, until I read the instruction which accompanied the parcel.

In addition to giving the usual time and address of the next job, I was told quite clearly that I was to wear what was in the parcel, and nothing else! I have to admit that the thought of venturing out wearing nothing but a pair of thigh boots and rubber knickers under the rubber cape, was very exciting to say the least, and I could hardly wait to try it.

When the day finally arrived, I zipped on the boots, squeezed myself into the rubber pants and then proceeded to get into the cape. It had no front opening, and I had to pull it on over my head. It also had an attached close fitting hood, which zipped up the back, and I had quite a struggle to fasten this up, as it was very tight. As there were no arm holes, and it came right down to my ankles, I was completely enclosed.

Fortunately, the address I had been given was within walking distance and I didn't have to take the train or bus this time. As I set off, I noticed that the cape made a lovely rubbery swishing sound as I walked, and I quite enjoyed the attention I got from passers by, particularly as it was quite a bright day with no hint of rain.

When I arrived at my destination, it turned out to be a first floor flat with an entry-phone at the door. I pressed the buzzer and a voice answered, "Yes?". I identified myself as the new maid and was then instructed to enter, go up the stairs and into the first room on the left. I did as I was told and found myself in a large comfortably furnished room. There was no-one in the room, so I just stood there and waited.

I didn't have to wait long before I heard footsteps approaching, and my new Mistress entered the room. When I first saw her, my immediate reaction was one of surprise, as this was not at all what I had been expecting. It wasn't her appearance that surprised me, although this was striking enough, but the fact that she looked to be only about 18 or 19, younger than myself in fact. Somehow, I had assumed that anyone employing a maid would always be older than me.

She was wearing a very tight black rubber dress, in a sort of military style, together with the sort of tight fitting rubber thigh boots that I had worn to my last job. She came over to where I was standing and as she did so, she said,

"Right Diana, my name's Melanie, but you will address me as Madam, is that clear?"

"Yes Madam," I replied, but at the same time, I felt rather resentful about it. It didn't seem right somehow, having to address this overgrown teenager as "Madam".

"Good, as long as we understand each other. Now let's have a look at you."

She then proceeded to the sort of examination that I had experienced on previous occasions, and which I had quite liked, only this time, I was not quite so sure about it. When she had had enough of this she said,

"O.K. I think you'll do. Now let's get you undressed and into your uniform. By the way, you do drive don't you?"

When I replied that I did, she said,

"That's just as well, because we are going to visit a friend of mine, and I want you to be my chauffeur, O.K.?

"Yes Madam," I answered, thinking that this was something different, and it would be better than the usual maid's jobs such as cleaning, although I have to admit, I hadn't done much of that on my previous jobs either!

She helped me off with the cape, then told me to lie on the rug while she pulled off my boots and knickers. Once I was undressed, she produced the chauffeur's uniform, in black rubber of course, and proceeded to dress me in it. This took quite a long time, because it was accompanied by numerous pauses during which she continued with her "examination" of me.

The first item was a pair of heavy rubber breeches, which I tucked into knee length rubber boots. At this point she sat down, while I stood facing her, and she conducted a fairly rigourous examination of my boobs - with her tongue!

Before we both got too excited by this, she produced the jacket, again in heavy black rubber. It was a military style, very similar to the dress she was wearing, and after this was fastened right up, she tucked it inside the breeches. The final touch was a tight fitting open faced hood which zipped up the back and a pair of dark glasses.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and was quite excited by what I saw.

"Right," she said, "that's you ready, now help me into my mackintosh will you?"

As she said this, she handed me a beautiful long black SBR mack and I held it up while she slipped her arms into the sleeves.

"Now, kneel down and fasten it up."

By telling me to kneel, I could tell that she didn't want me to be under any illusions as to who was in charge, and again I felt a feeling of resentment. It just didn't seem right somehow.

However, I didn't want to get off on the wrong foot, so I didn't say anything, but knelt down, and began to do up the buttons. I noticed that it had a neck strap, and I was tempted to pull it as tight as I could! But before I could do so, she told me not to fasten it. What a shame!

"Now let's have a look at you!"

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Once she was securely buttoned and belted into the mackintosh, we left the flat, got into her car and set off to visit her friend. When we arrived, I noticed that it was another first floor flat, and without ringing the bell, 'Madam' let herself in and we went up the stairs and into what was obviously the lounge.

The first sight that caught my eyes was a girl of about my age, wearing a long pewter coloured rubber dress and red lace-up boots, lying on a sofa, reading a magazine.

"Hi Mary!" exclaimed 'Madam'," I've brought something to show you. This is my new maid, Diana. What do you think?"

I must say, I took exception to being referred to as "something" rather than "someone", but before I had time to reflect on this further, Mary got up from the couch, and after greeting her friend, began the usual examination, which I was getting quite used to by now.

"Very nice, very nice indeed," she said," I like the outfit, but I think it needs something else just to finish it off. I've just got a new collar which would look very good, shall we try it?"

As 'Madam' was in agreement with this suggestion, she produced the collar which she proceeded to fit around my neck. It was made of double thickness rubber and it had stiffening which shaped it to the contours of my neck and chin. When it was fully zipped up, it not only held my head quite rigid, but it also covered my mouth so that I could hardly speak.

"How does that feel Diana?"

"Very good Madam," was my rather muffled reply, and to be quite truthful, it did feel rather good for some strange reason, and it wasn't at all uncomfortable.

"Right," said 'Madam'," that's O.K. then. Now you just kneel on the sofa there while I say 'Hello' properly to Mary."

This was the second time she had told me to kneel, and I was sure it was just to emphasis that she was the boss, and I didn't like it one bit. However, I did as she said, while Mary helped her to take off the mackintosh, and then the two of them indulged in a display of their affection for each other.

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After this had gone on for a short while, Mary turned to me and said,

"Diana, just fetch me that dress from over there will you, I want Melanie to try it on."

I climbed down from my perch on the sofa, fetched the dress, and handed it to her; as I did so, she told me to sit on the sofa. The dress was in soft black latex, with semi-transparent latex panels in the front and back. After helping Melanie to undress, Mary helped her into the new dress, and I must say, she looked very good in it. The semi-transparent panels were particularly good, as they revealed just enough to make it interesting, if you know what I mean.

As soon as Melanie had changed, they sat down on the sofa, one each side of me and began to tease me. Putting a finger under my rubber covered chin, 'Madam' said,

"And what do you think of my new dress then Diana? Wouldn't you like to wear something like this instead of having to wear a uniform all the time?" and so on in a similar vein. As talking while wearing the collar was a bit tricky, I didn't bother to answer, in fact, I didn't think an answer was called for; but this wouldn't do for 'Madam'.

"What's the matter then Diana," she asked," not got much to say for yourself have you? Cat got your tongue?"

As a matter of fact, I felt like saying plenty, but, as I have already said, the stiff rubber collar, while not preventing speech altogether, made it difficult to say the least; and she knew it. So I didn't intend to give her the satisfaction of hearing me mumble like some sort of idiot.

The situation apparently caused them both considerable amusement, and they both had a good laugh. I thought to myself that this Melanie was really getting up my nose. I wasn't going to let her see it though, as I guessed that was just what she wanted.

Mary went off to fetch another costume for herself and when she returned, they removed my collar and hood, and I was instructed to assist with her dressing.

This time it was a full rubber suit in bright red latex, and after helping her out of her long dress, we began to get her into the suit. It was a very tight fit, and even with liberal helpings of talc, it took some time to get it on and zipped up the back. The main problem was that the suit had attached feet, and as it was so close fitting, the air kept getting trapped in them, so that we had to squeeze it out, and all the way up her legs - a process which she seemed to enjoy no end!

At length we had her fully encased from neck to toe, and to complete the ensemble, she wore a boned rubber corset which I strapped on as tightly as possible, and then a stiffened rubber collar was laced around her neck. Her red lace-up boots provided the finishing touch.

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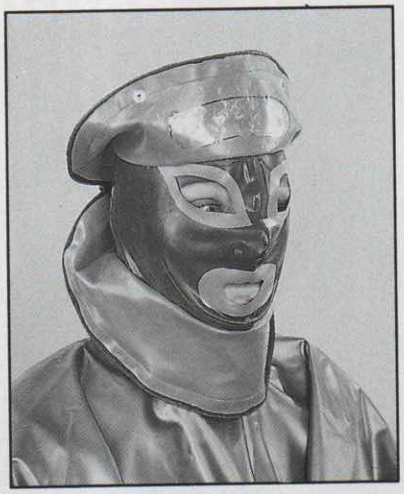

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While I was lacing up the boots, 'Madam' left the room, saying she needed to make a 'phone call, and I was left alone with Mary and when I had finished what I was doing, she said,

"Come and sit beside me on the sofa Diana."

As I did so, I half expected another 'examination' to begin, but instead she said,

"So what do you think of Melanie then Diana?"

I paused for a minute, as I thought I had better choose my words carefully, but before I could reply, she went on,

"I'll tell you what you think, you think she's a bit of a bitch don't you? You're right of course, she is a spoiled little brat."

I was quite taken aback by this, and was about to respond, when she went on,

"I think she needs to be taught a lesson, and I want you to help me to do it. What do you say?"

This was all so totally unexpected, that I hesitated at first as I didn't want to get into trouble with the agency and lose the job, however, the prospect of getting my own back on Melanie for the way she had treated me, was too good an opportunity to miss, and when Mary assured me that she would take care of any possible problems with the agency, I agreed to go along with her.

"Great! Now here's what I have in mind," and she outlined her plan to me. I liked what she had to say, in fact I liked it a lot! However, I still had my doubts.

"She'll never go along with that, will she?" I protested.

"Oh yes she will. She'll do anything I tell her to. You'll see."

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The first stage was for me to get out of the uniform, and as I did so, Mary was quite taken with her first sight of my boobs, which as I think I have told you before, are quite something to behold; as you can see for yourself.

After she had spent a few minutes expressing her admiration of them in the usual way, she helped me on with a gorgeous long black rubber dress which laced up the back, together with a pair of high-heeled boots.

Once I was dressed, she instructed me to get friendly with her, and to facilitate this, she opened the two zips in the front of her dress which allowed her nipples to poke through. The idea was that when Melanie returned, she should be left in no doubt as to what we had been up to. She wouldn't like that, although I enjoyed it!

Sure enough, when she re-entered the room a few minutes later, the look on her face was enough,

"What's going on here," she demanded, "just what do you think you are doing Diana, and who told you, you could take off your uniform?"

"I did Melanie," replied Mary, "don't you think it's an improvement? I do."

"Oh well," came the rather grudging response, "I suppose it's all right."

"Good, and now Melanie, we've got something rather special for you, havn't we Diana?"

I was really beginning to enjoy this

"We certainly have," I answered, "would you get undressed please - 'Madam'?"

Before she could change her mind, we got her out of the rubber dress, so that in no time at all, she was completely naked. By this time, I was really getting into the part, and running my hand over her backside, I heard myself saying,

"Not bad, not bad at all."

She was furious, I could tell, but before she could say anything, Mary had produced the outfit for her to wear. It was a Maid's outfit, just like the one I had worn previously.

"Come on Melanie, let's get you into this."

Melanie looked at the maid's outfit in disbelief.

"I'm not wearing that Mary. It's a maid's dress."

"Oh yes you are Melanie. Oh, and by the way, don't call me Mary, call me 'Madam', and you can call Diana 'Madam' too while you're at it. Now come on, you don't want me to fall out with you, do you?"

Melanie hesitated for a minute, but I could see that the thought of falling out with Mary was something she wanted to avoid at all costs.

"Oh well, if you say so Mary, I mean 'Madam'. It'll make a change anyway."

So saying, she allowed us to dress her in the maid's outfit, complete with cap and apron, and I must say, she looked every inch the part. I began to feel that the situation was now as it should be!

"Good, that looks better. I think it really suits you Melanie. What do you think Diana?"

"It certainly does Mary. I think our little friend has found her true vocation." I replied.

As I said it, I caught Melanie's eye, and if looks could kill, I would have been dead on the spot!

"Right, I think we'll all retire to the bedroom now, and we'll see if she really knows how to perform her duties as the perfect Latex Maid."

Once in the bedroom, we all climbed on the bed, and put our new maid through her paces. It was a process which I think we all enjoyed, even Melanie in her unaccustomed role, but me most of all. Much as I had enjoyed my experiences as a Latex Maid up to now, I was enjoying this even more.

After a while, Mary announced that she was getting a bit too hot and sweaty in the suit, and sent Melanie off to get her something a bit more comfortable. This turned out to be a short black latex dress which zipped up the front. Once out of the suit, collar and corset and into the dress, she was much more accessible, and Melanie lost no time taking advantage of this.

Whilst all this had been going on, I had noticed some other rubber gear in the room, and one item which had particularly caught my attention was a rubber helmet.

Now, I had seen rubber helmets before, but never one like this, and I was dying to see what it looked like being worn, so, during a lull in the proceedings, I went over, picked it up, and returned with it in my hand.

"Right Melanie, I think it would be a good idea if we were to put this on you, don't you?"

Melanie looked at the helmet in my hand before replying,

"Oh no Madam, I couldn't possibly wear that. That's definitely a Mistress' helmet, and I'm only a maid, it wouldn't be right."

For a moment I didn't know what to say, and before I could collect my thoughts, she went on,

"If anyone is going to wear that, it will have to be either you or Mary - 'Madam'".

I don't know what came over me then, but without further ado, I said,

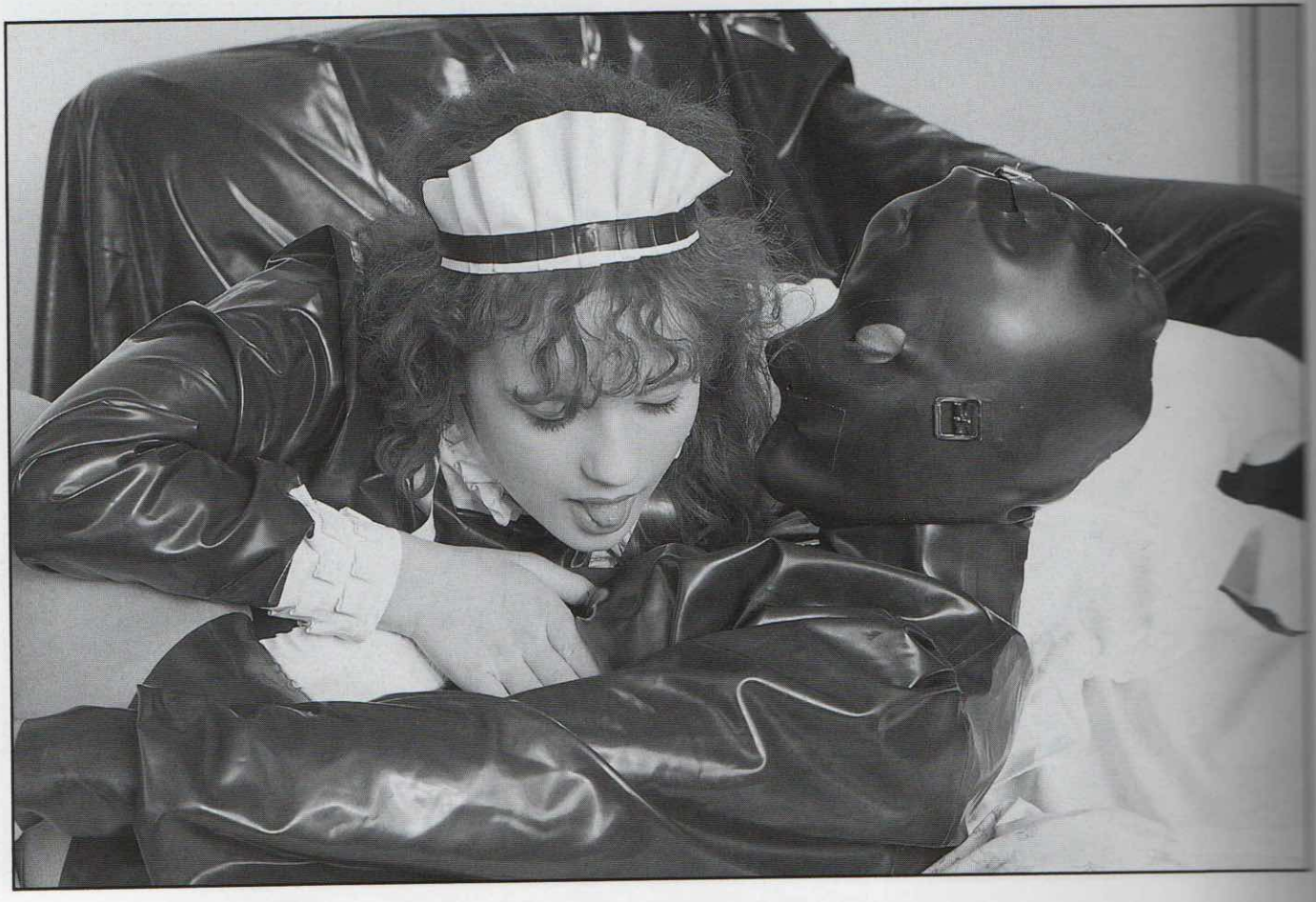
"Well, I want to see what it looks like, so you will have to put it on Mary."

Mary looked at me for a minute, and then, much to my relief, said,

"O.K. help me to put it on then Diana."

The helmet in question was a full face type, with holes for the eyes and mouth, made of very thick rubber. The collar or neck band was double thickness, and I could see it had stiffening in it, similar to the collar I had been wearing earlier. It zipped up the back, and over the zip there were a number of straps.

I stood behind Mary and pulled the helmet over her face. After adjusting it to make sure the mouth and eye holes were positioned correctly I pulled down the back zip and then began to fasten the straps. I pulled each one in as tight as I could, so that the helmet fitted closely round her head. I took my time about it, as I found I really enjoyed doing it; it gave me such a feeling of being in control. After I had finished, I stood back to take a look at my handiwork. It looked fantastic!



As we resumed our intimate activity on the bed, I could tell that Melanie was equally turned on by Mary's appearance, and that Mary also was experiencing extreme pleasure from wearing the helmet, and it soon became obvious that they were completely absorbed in each other, and that maybe my presence was becoming superfluous.

I didn't want to outstay my welcome, so I announced that I thought it was time I left. They stopped what they were doing for a minute and Mary said,

"Right, thanks Diana, that's O.K. if you want to leave now. You'll need something to wear to go home in, so you can keep that dress you're wearing, and the boots if you like."

Before I could thank her, Melanie also said,

"You'll need a coat or something to wear over the dress. If you want, you can have the Mackintosh as well."

I could hardly believe my good luck. Not only would I be well paid for my day's 'work', but I had also been given a beautiful rubber dress, a pair of expensive boots, and a superb SBR mackintosh.

I slipped the mack on over the dress, fastened it up, and with a final thanks to my rubber clad friends who were once again more than fully engaged on the bed, I said my goodbyes, and left. 'Madam' Melanie hadn't turned out to be such a bitch after all.

As I walked back home, I could feel the rubber of the dress clinging to my naked body under the mackintosh, which swished and crackled with the lovely rubbery sound that only SBR can make, and I knew one thing for certain. My brief career as a Latex Maid was over!

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